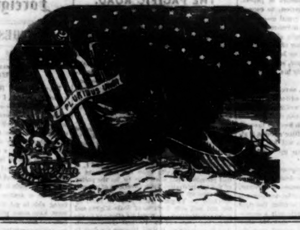
# THE SATURDAY  EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1672.


## Choice Poetry.

### THE OLD.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Give me old songs—though rude and bold,
Yet sparkling with the purest gold;
Such as were syllabled in fire
When rare Ben Jonson swept the lyre;
Or, flung from Shakspeare's bolder hand,
Went vibrating through all the land,
And found in every heart a tone
That seemed an echo of their own.

Give me old books—the tomes where mind
In choicest treasures lurk enshrined,
Rich with the thoughts of buried Seers,
Whose genius glorified their years;
Old books—well thumbed and vellum-bound,
The wise, the witty, the profound,
Whose stained and simple pages hold
A rarer wealth than gems of gold.

Give me old paths—though few the blooms
That drug the senses with perfumes,
And few the syren-notes that keep
A chime to steps that climb the steep;
Old paths—though rugged, bright'ning still
With golden gleams from Zion's Hill—
By patriarchs and prophets trod,
And leading to the MOUNT OF GOD!

Give me old friends—the tried of years,
Whose soul is in their smiles and tears;
Though rough of speech and void of art,
Yet frank and bold and leal of heart;
With steady faith, and soul serene,
Scorning the hollow, false and mean;
And open brow and honest eye
Their patent of nobility!

Then, in some mansion old and grim,
Embowered by woods, whose twilight dim
Hallows the noonday, let me 'bide
The ebb of Life's tumultuous tide;
My passions hushed in deep repose,
Forgot ambition and its woes,
In calmness wait, till death enfold
A heart that's weary, worn, and old!

*Lady's Wreath.*

## Original Novelet.

### THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.


[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


#### CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Great nature with a matchless hand sends forth *her* nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn.
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom;
His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
An honest name his jewelled crown, and truth his ermined robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
His pleasures are of crimeless kind and never taint the soul.
He worships God with inward zeal, and serves Him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr bleed.
He holds a rank no king can give, no station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman, and monarchs must give place.

*Eliza Cook.*

Most of my readers have witnessed the ceremony of the inauguration of a new Governor, or what is still more important, that of a new President; yet few have ever beheld a more imposing scene than that displayed in the grand, combined civil and military parade, that celebrated the investure of the "Blacksmith's Boy" with the dignities and responsibilities of the Chief Magistracy of the State.

The day was ushered in by the firing of artillery. From the earliest hour of the morning crowds emptied from railway cars, steamboats, stage coaches and canal boats, thronged in the city. Hackney coaches, private carriages, cabs, country wagons, &c., obstructed the streets.

Multitudes of men, women and children, of all ranks, colors and ages, and in holiday dresses, crowded the pavements, and side-walks, and the front windows of the houses.

Flags flew, and banners waved from all the public buildings and the shipping. Ornamental and symbolical devices were emblazoned on the fronts of private dwellings, and triumphal arches spanned the thoroughfares.

Civil and military companies mustered in every quarter of the city, preparing to concentrate their forces for a grand triumphal procession. Deputations and volunteer companies from neighboring cities and towns continued to arrive.

As the morning advanced the "combat deepened."

Drums were beating, marshals shouting, horses neighing, trumpets blowing, military officers galloping about and thundering their words of command, companies forming into procession, men, women and boys hurrahing, and a general chaos of glorious, mingled noise, confusion and display going on, that would have delighted and intoxicated even a French revolutionist.

At last the chaos organized into system and order. The powers combined and concentrated their forces in the broad space before the Governor-elect's private dwelling, crowding the street for a dozen squares up and down. Here they organized the grand triumphal procession, and waited for the appearance of the Governor-elect before they should march.

Before Mr. Hunter's door stood the splendid new carriage presented him by the city. Other carriages were in waiting, for the accommodation of the ladies of his family. At length the doors are thrown open, and the Governor-elect, attended by the ex-Governor, the Marshal, and other officials, appears. A shout of acclamation from the multitude rends the heavens. It is some minutes before the marshals and officers can restore silence and order. The Governor-elect, with his attendants, enters the carriage, which is driven into the place of honor assigned it in the procession. And immediately the numerous bands of music attached to the companies, strike up the grand national march, and the procession moved in the direction of the State House, passing down gaily thronged avenues, through triumphal arches, between rows of gaily decorated houses, emblazoned with patriotic and complimentary devices, and alive with ladies, young girls and children, who wave handkerchiefs and scatter flowers in the way. And so at last the procession reaches the State House, which is surrounded by a dense crowd of thousands, who have hurried on before, and struggled, "fought, bled and died," almost, some of them, in their selfish zeal to obtain the best places for witnessing the ceremonies.

The marshals of the day, with their subalterns, riding before the Governor's carriage, make a way through the dense crowd for the Governor-elect and his *suite* to pass. The crowd divides, and the carriages pass, and are welcomed by thunder-shouts of enthusiasm from the vast multitudes. Reaching the grand portico of the State House, the Governor-elect descends from his carriage, attended by his suite, and mounts the stairs, and enters the building. He has disappeared from the vision of the vast congregation without. But they close and press closely towards the building, and the stairs, portico, lobbies, and every space within and without the State House is crowded to suffocation.

The ceremony of the inauguration is to take place in the Senate Chamber, whose galleries are packed as full and as closely as they possibly can be, by a select crowd, who have preferred witnessing the simple solemnity of the inaugural oath, to beholding the grand civil and military display—and so while others were running after the procession, they had secured their quiet seats, and sit waiting as composedly in the gallery, as the assembled Senate wait upon the floor. There is no noise, confusion, or display *here*. All is simple, quiet, and republican here. It might be a Puritan Church and congregation on a large scale, for the simplicity, order and quietness that prevails. And the President of the Senate might be the preacher.

At length the door is quietly opened by the sergeant-at-arms, who, in his simple black dress and with his white staff, enters and announces,

"The Honorable the House of Delegates!"

And the members of the House of Delegates enter in a line two by two, and take the seats left for them.

A minute elapses, and then the sergeant-at-arms re-appears and announces,

"Their Honors the Judges of the Supreme Court!"

And the Judges, in their black dresses, enter and take seats in a circle around the President's chair.

A third time the sergeant-at-arms appears and and announces,

"His Excellency the Governor-elect!"

And the Senate and Delegates, and the Supreme Court rise, and remain standing while the Governor-elect and his suite enter and pass up the aisle.

Oh, Blacksmith's Boy of the Mountains!—"low-born, self-educated!" this is an honestly proud day for you! and a proud day for the State and the country which constantly hold up their highest honors to the noble aspirations of their very humblest sons!

Daniel Hunter, clothed in his citizen dress of plain black broadcloth, and arrayed only in the simple majesty of manhood, stands among the assembled high officials of the State. By his side stands the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. On the table before them is a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Amid the silence that prevails, the Chief Justice raises the Bible, presents it to the Governor-elect, and administers the solemn oath of office.

The Governor-elect, laying his hand upon the sacred volume, swears upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, firstly, that he firmly and steadfastly believes in the existence and moral government of the Supreme Being and in the Christian religion,—secondly, to support the State's Constitution, so help him God! It is a simple, solemn, imposing rite, and it is over.

And the people prepare in some haste to disperse and receive places to hear the Inaugural Speech. And the Governor, attended by his suite, leaves the Senate Chamber, and returns by the way he came, to the great portico of the State House. Here standing, attended by the highest official dignitaries of the State, and surrounded by some dozen privileged ladies, among whom are those of his own household, in the presence of the vast congregation of the people, the Governor delivers his Inaugural Address.

The speech is short, simple, and to the purpose, and at its close, it is answered by thunderous shouts of applause from all the assembled multitude.

The Governor once more enters his carriage, the procession once more forms, and he is escorted in triumph to the gubernatorial palace, where, at a State dinner, he receives some fifty of his favored friends, among whom are numbered the high official dignitaries and the ladies before mentioned. We will leave him there for the present, while we visit a far different scene.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE CONVICT AND HIS FAMILY.

Oh! my son, Absalom! my son! my son Absalom! Would God I might die for thee! Oh! Absalom! my son! my son!

The young wife might weep and wail, but her sorrow was nothing to the fierce, bitter, burning passion of grief and terror—the very agony of grief and terror—that fired the mother's heart, and scorched up the fountain of her tears through all that live-long night and garish, maddening day! At the earliest hour of the morning that the prison rules would sanction, the mother was at the gates waiting for admission. Nelly was with her. There could scarcely have been a greater contrast in any two human beings than in these two women, as they stood waiting at the jail-gates.

Norah O'Leary the elder, was a woman of about forty years of age, but whose tall, gaunt figure, dark complexion, and harshly-cut features made her look full ten years older. Her strong black hair was mixed with gray, her hollow, deep set eyes were dark, fierce, strained and blood-shotten; her forehead was low, her nose large and aquiline, her lips thin and compressed, her chin long and slightly protruding. The chiselling of her features exhibited a great deal of grim, self-reliant strength, but the eager, agonized strain of her eyes betrayed a cruel yearning, a mortal stretching of the heart-strings, which was the very antipodes of self-reliance. Alas, for her strength of mind or body! Her boy, her adored, her first-born, her brave, beautiful, gentle, generous Willie was condemned, imprisoned, chained, and to die soon! Could her strength of mind or body avail to save him from death, throw open his prison-doors, strike off his fetters, and bid him walk forth to enjoy life, sunshine and freedom! Alas, poor strong heart and brain! their strength was strength of suffering, and the cry of the helpless, agonized heart and strained eyes were, "Help! help! save, or we perish!"

Ellen O'Leary, the younger, was a mere girl, scarcely twenty years of age, whose slight figure, fair complexion, and soft, delicate features, made her seem still younger. Her face, with its broad, fair forehead, softly shaded by dishevelled brown curls, its raised eyebrows, and its large, delicate, hazy blue eyes, in their deep, circular hollows, and the small, quivering lips and chin—was the face of an innocent, grieved, amazed child! Both these women were dressed in black—mourning for the elder O'Leary.

While they waited, looking at each other in sad silence, the artillery was fired, ushering in a day of glory for at least one man. And on the signal the flags at all the public buildings and the shipping suddenly run up! And as suddenly the stars and stripes streamed above the prison.

The women raised their grief-mazed eyes, and thought what a bitter falsehood was illustrated in the national symbol of freedom, joy and triumph waving over the prisoner, the condemned, and the despairing!

But soon the gates of the prison were opened, and they presented themselves for admission. An under turnkey conducted them up the broad, paved walk that led to the principal entrance.

The prison was a large, square, strong edifice, built of gray rock. And even on entering the central hall, they were turned sick with the closeness and fetor of the confined foul air, and they felt with a sharp pang that their beloved was suffering it all the time. The turnkey led them down several long, dark passages, first to the warden's office to get permission, and the key to enter the condemned cell. The jailor, who seemed to be a kind-hearted, compassionate man, arose gladly from his seat and came to the door to tell them that there was a clergyman with the prisoner now, and that they might go on at once to see him. And when he saw more distinctly their faces, and noticed their despairing looks, he bade them in a cheering voice, to—

"Oh! take heart! take heart! there are strong hopes—almost a certainty—in fact I may as well *say*, certainty of a pardon!"

The young wife looked up with a sudden shiver of nervous joy, as this meteoric hope crossed her heart. She could not speak, she could only wait, with dilated eyes and lips apart, in expectancy to hear more.

The mother raised her head, and struck her strong, piercing eyes into those of the speaker, and asked,

"What authority have you for saying it? Oh! *assure* me at once!"

"Ma'am, it is generally reported and believed!"

"Is that all?"

"No, ma'am, it is announced in all the papers."

"Officially?"

"Why you see, ma'am, it is not a proper subject for an official announcement, and even if it were, you know it could not be made yet a while, because the Governor is not Governor until his inaugural oath is administered at twelve, and therefore, of course, he could not make any official announcement."

The mother clasped her hands together in speechless anguish.

"Oh, but, ma'am, it is well understood by everybody that Governor Hunter has passed his word to give a pardon as soon as he comes into office."

"Oh, God! but the time is so short! so short! and the danger so imminent," said the poor wife, wringing her hands.

The mother only ground her jaws together to suppress the fierce groan ready to burst from her agonized bosom—the peril, the uncertainty, the suspense was so terrible. She motioned to the turnkey to lead the way, and followed him along the narrow passage up a flight of stairs, and along another dark, close passage to the criminal ward, about midway of which was situated the condemned cell occupied by young O'Leary. The turnkey paused before this door, opened it, and held it while the mother and wife of the convict passed in.

The cell was a small, arched apartment, with whitewashed walls, with one narrow grated window opposite the door. Its furniture was a small cot, covered with a coarse white counterpane on the right hand side, and a little stand and a chair on the left.

The youthful convict sat upon the side of the cot, and the clergyman stood near him as if in the act of taking leave.

William O'Leary, the prisoner, was very unlike his mother. He was a youth not yet twenty-three years of age, of medium height, of slender, yet elegant and firmly knit frame, of fair complexion, with light hair and blue eyes, and a Grecian profile. The great charm of his presence had once been a singular grace of motion, and a sweet joyousness of expression and speech which won all hearts that approached him. But since he had been in prison, confinement, foul air, sorrow, and cruel anxiety had jaded and worn him until he was extremely pale and thin. Yet now, as he saw his mother and his wife enter his cell, the old "sweet joyousness" lighted in his countenance, and burst forth in his tones as he started to meet them, and folded them alternately to his bosom, exclaiming,

"Mother! Nelly! *dear* Nelly! *Dearest* mother! Nelly! don't cry, darling! It is all over! the danger is *all over*! Don't cry so, dearest Nelly!"

And his mother groaned from her bursting heart,

"My son! My son!"

And his wife sobbed in silence on his shoulder.

"Yes, mother! poor mother, the agony is all over! The Governor has promised a reprieve! I shall be pardoned, mother!—pardoned for a crime I never committed. It is, however, almost as bad as being hanged for it—only there is the hope of my innocence being proved some day. Yes, Nelly, my little darling, the reprieve is expected this very afternoon, and then, mother," he said, standing straight and stretching his limbs as far as the fetters would admit, and taking a long breath with an eager anticipation of relief—"then, mother, I shall leave this place! And, dear Nelly, I am free to confess, that I am very tired and sick of it! Yes, indeed! Oh, very tired and sick of it, indeed! Here! sit down by my side on the cot, dear mother, and sit you on the other side of me, dear Nelly, for *I must* sit down. You don't know how miserably weak this wretched place has made me!" The prisoner sank back on his seat, and his wife and mother took the places on each side of him. The clergyman took his hat to retire. "Don't go, Mr. Goodrich? Don't go!" said William. "I beg your pardon, I—I was so glad to see my mother and Nelly, and so excited with the thoughts of the good news I had to tell them, that I—I entirely forgot you were strangers. But it is never too late to do well—until we are under the sod, so allow me to introduce you. Mother! this is my kind, most excellent friend, the Reverend Father Goodrich! And, Father, this is my poor mother, and this is Ellen, my silly little wife, whom you see has cried her eyes out for nothing."

The two women arose, and the good priest shook hands with them, and then would have left the family together, but the poor mother held and clasped his hands, while she thanked him in a broken voice for his kindness to her poor Willie.

And Willie himself, lifting up his pale, thin, but joyous face exclaimed,

"No! don't go, dear Father Goodrich! Many and many a hopeless day and despairful night have you stayed to share my grief—now stay and see my joy—I have nothing to say to my family, and they have nothing to say to me which you are not welcome to hear, if it were the closest secrets of our soul—so stay and share our reunion—well I know how much pleasure it will give your kind heart! Oh! but—I forget—perhaps you would like to go and see the inauguration? or may-be you have some other engagement?"

"No, my son, I have no desire to witness the inauguration ceremonies to-day, and no engagement presses upon me, yet I think it is better you should be left with your friends for a little while. I will return soon," said the priest, with a lingering motion of departure, for the widow still grasped his hand, and looked in his face with an eager, searching, straining gaze.

"*Is it true, sir?* Can we let our hearts rest upon it—I mean the certainty of a reprieve?" she asked, in a low, husky voice.

The good priest looked at her gravely and compassionately.

He was a mild-looking old man, with a pale face, and thin, silvery hair—the gaze of his dim blue eyes was soft and lingering, and the tones of his voice slow and very gentle.

"Alas!" he said, "the future is *always* uncertain—we can only hope and trust, knowing that whatever the issue is, all is for the best, though we may not be able to see how!"

The strained, eager eyes relaxed and fell; the lips closed with a spasmodic catch, and the poor mother sank back in her chair.

"Willie is innocent! You know, Father, Willie is innocent!" said Nelly, weeping afresh.

The priest looked pitifully at the poor young creature, who had involuntarily, unconsciously, clasped both arms around the form of her husband, and was holding him with a trembling pressure, as if to protect him. And while he was considering what to say to comfort her, the jealous mother's heart misinterpreted his silence, and she exclaimed, almost threateningly,

"Father! my son is guiltless! *You know* my son is guiltless!"

—"Of the crime imputed to him—*yes*—as guiltless as the angels!" said the Father.

"And it would be *murder!* It would be *murder!—to—*" the mother could not speak the fatal word! it would have scathed her lips!

"Willie will be saved! Willie will be saved! There is not a doubt of it, Father! say! *is* there a doubt of it?" asked the young wife, clasping her hands, in an agony of entreaty.

"My dear daughter, my poor girl, try to be calm and patient, for your husband's sake. It is uncertain, as yet, my poor child. I should do bitter wrong to deceive him. It is true that a reprieve is called for by acclamation! and that the highest and most influential personages in the city will present a petition. In addition to that, my poor, best efforts shall be given. I am going now to the mansion-house, and I shall wait there to seize the first opportunity of obtaining an audience with the Governor. I am fully convinced of William O'Leary's innocence of the crime for which he has been condemned. I shall urge that conviction upon his Excellency with what force and earnestness I am master of, and trust in Heaven for the result."

The poor young woman lifted her head from her husband's shoulder, and took the hand of the Father, and pressed it to her lips in silence, and then let it fall.

But William O'Leary, in a cheerful tone, exclaimed,

"Oh! there *is* no doubt of a reprieve! There is no earthly possibility but that I shall be pardoned for the crime I never committed! Every one who has visited me for a week past, has assured me of it! And Mr. Thomas, the warden, showed me a paper to-day where it was announced! What makes you all look so grave? Oh! I know! Poor Nelly always was afraid of shadows—poor Nelly is so timid! And poor mother has but little faith! And Father Goodrich has but little—hope! But *I* have courage, hope and faith! and so am easy about to-morrow! Only I wish it were here, for I am very sick of this place! Never mind, dearest Nelly! By this time to-morrow we shall be far away from this hideous place! far away in the deep, sweet woods, on our road home! Mother!" he asked, with sudden eagerness, "did you bring the donkey-cart?"

"We came in it, Willie."

"Oh! I am so glad of that!" he exclaimed, joyously, "for now we need not go by the stage-coach. And indeed, mother, *I* did not want to go by the stage-coach. I know it will be full of strangers going home from the inauguration. And they might find out the poor convict, and gaze him and his poor little wife out of countenance. And, besides, the stage-route is over the dusty turnpike, and does not take us within ten miles of our home. Oh! yes, indeed, I am very glad you thought of bringing the donkey-cart, dear mother. Now we shall have such a delightful ride home in our little donkey-cart, with you and Nelly and the baby. We will take the country road through the forest, Nelly, and we will stop at the Cool Spring tavern to dinner. Mother! the people at Cool Springs don't think so ill of me as to think *I did it!*"

"Oh! no, no, no, the family would stake their souls upon your innocence!"

"Yet still, on second thought, mother, we will not stop at Cool Springs for dinner—there might be some strangers there at this busy time, when all the State is alive, and they might recognize me. There were so many people at my trial. Oh! mother! Nelly! I thought—man as I was—that I should have died under so many pitiless eyes! But I mean to forget that! It shall pass away like a bad dream. I will never allude to it again! and mother and Nelly, after we get out of this horrid place, please never do you! No, we will not stop at Cool Springs; I had rather not meet strangers; but we will do better than that—we will eat our dinners in the woods, and sing,

"'The days when we went gipsying.'"

Poor mother! she shuddered to hear him talk so confidently. Her conscience bade her say to him,

"Oh! be not so sanguine! Give some thought to the other possibility. Prepare for the other darker doom, lest it take thee unaware;" but how could she teach her lips to dash his hopes in this way? She could not. She even repressed her sighs and groans, lest they should damp his spirits. And Nelly looked from one to the other, and was fain to hope with her young husband.

"And, mother!" he went on confidently, "as I do not expect the pardon till late this evening—for the Governor must have time to get through his inaugural ceremonies, and his State dinner, which will last until night, before he can attend to business; and as I shall not probably get out from this hateful place *till night*—why I wish you and Nelly to make every preparation for our early start to-morrow. And, mother! you may think it childish, but I feel as if I would like to eat just such a dinner, in just such a way as we used to when Nelly and I were girl and boy, and we used to go picnicing with you and father, and the neighbors! So, mother! just get a linen bag and have a chicken roasted, and a beef tongue boiled, and some cold biscuits, and a pie—and put them all in the bag, and put in three bright tin-cups to dip the water out of the spring; and I know the place where we will stop to dine. It is that deep dell in the forest, you know, Nelly, where there is a spring as cold as ice, with a gigantic elm bending over it, and a brook that sings as it runs over the gravel, clear as silver. I think I never saw gravel so silvery, or water so pure and cold, or shade so deep as that is! I have dreamt of it at night since I have been here. I have written some verses about it, too, since I have been here. It seems to me that well as I loved the forest-dell before, I never felt its beauty so deeply, I might say so poignantly, as since I have been shut up here. Ah! you who are outside, you do not know how to prize your blessings. No matter how poor and despised you may be—no matter if you are a slave or a beggar, you have fresh air and sunshine, and the sight of the sky and earth, and the free use of your limbs! I think *one* good will come to me from my being shut up here—it is that I shall forever more enjoy freedom and nature with a thousand-fold enjoyment! But oh! talking of verse-making! What do you think?"

"What?" asked his wife.

"You know my volume of manuscript poems, 'Wild Wood Notes?'"

"Yes."

"Well, you know for two years past I had been hawking them about from one publisher to another, and continually adding more songs and increasing its bulk?"

"Yes."

"And no publisher would even look at it except old Mr. Wright, who said that he had lived long enough in this world to find out that young poets—some times, say once in a century—really *did* possess some little germ of talent that might be cultivated by encouragement, and so Mr. Wright took my volume and promised to look at it, and let me know. That was a year ago—and he never did let me know. So the other day—before there was any certainty of my getting a reprieve—indeed when it seemed pretty certain that I should be—" he stopped and shuddered, and then resumed—"the other day when I was settling up my final accounts with this world, and very much depressed, too, as you may judge—I requested Father Goodrich to call at Wright's and get my book, and keep it in remembrance of me. Well, the Father went, but he did not get the book, but returned with an offer of three hundred dollars from Mr. Wright for the copy-right. There! what do you think of *that*?"

"Is it possible! And he is going to publish it for you?"

"Yes! but what do you think of it? Isn't it astonishing?"

"It oughtn't to be astonishing, for indeed the verses were really very beautiful," said Nelly.

"Some of them were—but oh! not half as good as they ought to have been! But, Nelly, dear, it is not that! What I wonder at is, that while I was a happy, respectable man, nobody, not even tolerant, liberal Mr. Wright, would buy my manuscript—and that after I became a condemned criminal, whose name, for pity or for blame, was in everybody's mouth—that *then* any one, even Mr. Wright, should have bought my volume! Nelly! I am afraid, indeed I am, that it was only from compassion to the poor boy-convict!—to give him something, you know, to leave his poor wife and babies!"

"And *I* think it was solely the exquisite beauty of the poetry that induced him to buy," said Nelly, pressing his hand.

The stern mother did not speak, but her dark brow flushed, and in her bitter heart she thought—"It was neither the merit of the poetry of which, probably, the man could judge no more than I could! nor pity for the poor young prisoner—for when had ever a trader of any sort pity?—but it was just to make a market of the morbid curiosity of a prurient public, who would buy the book to see what sort of poetry a murderer could make!"

Her bitter reflections were broken by the pleasant voice of William O'Leary, saying,

"Mother, we must start just at sunrise, to-morrow! It is the most delightful hour for beginning a journey! Nelly, what is it that Grey says about

"'Brushing with hasty steps the dew at peep of dawn?'

Repeat it for me!"

Nelly reflected a moment, and then said,

"'At the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.'"

"Yes! that is it, Nelly! We, too, will meet the sun! Yes, mother, we can start at six o'clock, reach the edge of the forest by the time the sun is well up, and if we take the journey easily and pleasantly, by one o'clock we can reach the forest-dell, where we can spread our table cloth, and eat our dinner under the great elm by the spring. And we can afford to spend an hour pleasantly there, and start again at two, and travel leisurely, and reach our dear home by six this evening. Mother! Nelly! I think I shall never care to leave that sweet forest home of ours again! I shall never care to set foot within a city again as long as I live! I will hunt, fish, plough, reap, do anything, rather than go back to the city again! By six to-morrow evening we shall be home! that blessed home! sitting by our own hearth, caressing our dear children! Ah! Nelly! why hadn't you brought little Willie?"

Poor Nelly looked distressed. She could not tell him that little Willie lay very ill with fever, at home. She knew not what to say.

The less scrupulous or more devoted *mother* spoke, saying,

"You know we were in haste, Willie, and we could not be burdened by both children on the journey."

"Little Willie! Well! I am glad he is hearty! You told me so, Nelly? did you not?"

"*I* told you so, Willie! Yes, the child is very well, we left him in the care of Aunt Abishag—you know he could not be in better hands."

"No, indeed! But how is poor old Aunt Hag?"

"Very well, and very anxious to see you!"

"Oh! I *know* she will be glad to see me! I fancy how she will put her apron up to her eyes, and cry. *She* never believed me guilty!"

"No, indeed! if you were to hear her hard wishes on the judge and jury!" said Nelly.

All fell suddenly silent now, oppressed by the memory of that awful judge and jury.

Willie recovered himself first.

"Mother, you must buy a new stuff gown for Aunt Abishag! Stay, what color does she like? Oh! orange—buy her an orange-colored bombazet, mother. And, I forgot! you will want some money for your preparations to-day," he said, getting up and crossing his cell, and pulling the little stand drawer open.

He took from the drawer a small roll of bank notes, and handed them to his mother, saying,

"Here, mother, here is the price of my manuscript poems, how nearly had they been posthumous poems!" He shivered at the thought, and said, "I *will* drive that horrid dream away, I will *not* think of it again." He sat down again on the side of the cot, his wife and his mother on either side of him, and smiling, began again to talk of the next day's return home, how delightful it would be, how happy they should all be at home. Then he spoke of Willie, his two-year old son, and of Ellen, his little six-month's daughter, and "You must bring Ellen to see me, this afternoon, Nelly, indeed I can't wait till to-morrow to see *her*, why didn't you bring her with you this morning?" he inquired.

"The little creature had had a very fatiguing journey, she was sound asleep when we left her," said Nelly, "but you shall have her this afternoon."

While she spoke, the great clock of the prison struck twelve, and the mother and daughter arose to go.

"You are not going to leave me so soon?" asked William O'Leary in surprise.

"Yes, dear Willie, we must go, we have been away from the poor baby since six o'clock this morning."

"Who did you leave her with?"

"Only with the maid-servant."

"And you've been here since six o'clock! It doesn't seem to me so long."

"We spent more than an hour waiting for the gates to open."

"And yet you've been here with me more than four hours. It does not seem like *one* hour. Can't you stay a little while longer, just a little?"

Nelly looked distressed. Between her feelings as a wife and mother she found it hard to decide.

The elder woman came to her assistance, saying,

"*Mother's love* is strongest love in the world! Nelly! go back to *your* child, and I will remain here with *mine*."

"Will that content you, Willie?" asked Nelly, hesitating.

"Yes! oh, yes! go back to the poor baby, Nelly! But mind! bring her to me this afternoon—do you hear?"

"Yes, I will," said Nelly, tying her bonnet, and stooping down to receive his parting kiss. And then she left the cell.

When the mother and son were left alone together, the former inquired,

"Did not Father Goodrich promise to return again this afternoon?"

"Oh, certainly, he promised to be back soon. But really I do not expect to see him until this evening. I have no doubt on earth that he will be detained at the Government house until the reprieve is made out and signed. I firmly believe that the Governor will confide its delivery to Father Goodrich himself. As, indeed, who so proper to be the messenger of pardon as the priest—he who is the messenger of God's pardon to sinful man? Therefore it is that I do not look for Father Goodrich until near night. For, as I said before, the Governor has his honors and his dinner to get through with and digest."

The mother remained some time after this with her son. Indeed she was in not the least hurry to depart.

William O'Leary's prison dinner was brought in. It consisted of coarse beef and vegetables. And the prisoner pushed it aside in disgust, saying,

"Mother, I have had no appetite since I have been here! But to-day I think I could dine with you! Take one of those notes, mother, and send this good fellow out to get us something from the restaurant. I wish Nelly and the child were here."

"What shall I send for, Willie?"

"Just what you please, mother! I have got a good appetite, and could eat anything nice."

"Indeed I wish you would name what you like best, Willie."

"Well, then, not to delay the messenger, I will say some roast turkey and stewed oysters, with the proper condiments."

"Have they got them, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, dear mother, they have got every imaginable thing on their bill of fare just at this time, when the city is so full of people, and that which we want, you know, is one of those standard articles which no gentleman's eating-house 'should be without,' as the advertisements say."

The messenger was dispatched, and after a little time returned, followed by a waiter, bearing a covered tray.

The little stand was drawn forward, and the clean table-cloth taken from the tray and spread upon it, and the refreshments set out. The turnkey went out and remained in the lobby at the outside of the cell door. And the man from the restaurant remained within, to wait on the table, and to remove his wares when they should be dispensed with.

William O'Leary ate with a good appetite, talking gaily all through the meal. Norah forced herself to eat, lest her failing to do so might distress him. At last the meal came to an end, and the waiter cleared off the stand, and replaced it, piled his empty dishes upon the tray, covered them, and took them away. And the cell door was again locked on the outside. The retreating steps of the waiter and the turnkey died away in the distance, and they, the mother and son, felt themselves once more alone.

"It is such a farce, locking that door *now*, when they *know* that in a few hours I shall be free to walk out of it!" said William O'Leary, laughing.

His mother did not laugh, but feeling constrained to say something, lest her trouble should be observed, she remarked, evasively,

"It is a form, you know, my son!"

"Yes, yes! Well, I suppose we must bear with it an hour or so longer."

An hour passed on, and then lifting up his head, he asked,

"Isn't it time for Nelly to be back?"

"Hardly, my son—the way is long, and the child is heavy."

The young man soon began to betray signs of such debility, that his mother spoke to him, and tried to prevail on him to lie down. At first he resisted her persuasions, declaring that he felt very well, and could not rest till the return of Father Goodrich, and that he also felt as if he *never could* lie down again on that cot in that cell. At last, however, wearied out by debility, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and laid himself down upon the prison cot, laughing, and saying that it did not matter, as it was the last time. And soon, worn out by excitement, his eyelids drooped and drooped, and then fell and sealed themselves in sleep. But he started out of slumber, and asked,

"Mother! Nelly not come yet? What o'clock is it?"

"Four, my dear. She'll not be here for an hour yet."

And his eyelids drooped again and closed in sleep. Soon starting out of this, he exclaimed,

"Mother, if she should come while I am asleep, wake me up, will you?"

"Yes, my dear Willie."

Once more his heavy eyelids sank upon his heavy eyes, and he dropped into a deep sleep, from which he did not start again.

And Norah sat and watched him; never before had the change in his countenance been so manifest. She smothered a sob to see the pale, thin face, with its hollow cheeks and sunken eyes,—the pale, pale face,

"That did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair."

She sat and watched until five o'clock. And then the sounds of approaching steps in the lobby fell upon her ear, and the key was turned in the lock, and the cell door thrown open to admit Nelly, who entered, bringing in her infant.

Norah arose softly, placed her finger on her lips, and pointed to the sleeper.

Nelly entered quietly, and came and sat down on the foot of the cot.

But at the same time, while Nelly's back was turned towards him, the turnkey, standing within the door, telegraphed to Norah to come out. With a sinking heart the mother arose, and, without a word or sign to Nelly, left the cell.

The turnkey locked it, and beckoned her on to follow him, saying, as they went down the lobby,

"Father Goodrich is waiting in the warden's room to see you."

With trembling limbs, scarcely able to bear up her tottering form, Norah O'Leary followed her conductor down the stairs, and through the long passages leading to the prison office. He opened the door, and held it open for her to go in.

There were but two persons in the office, the warden and the priest. The kind-hearted warden looked very grave, and old Father Goodrich was very sorrowful. On meeting their looks, Norah reeled on her feet, and must have fallen, but for her almost superhuman effort of self-command. The good priest came to her, led her to a chair, and seated her.

"I have just left the Governor," he said.

She looked up in his face, and read doom there,

"It is over! The Governor refuses to pardon!" she said, in a low, hollow voice.

The old priest took her hand, and said,

"I told you this morning, when that poor boy was so confident—"

"Oh, he is *confident still!* I left the poor, innocent soul sleeping a sweet sleep, trusting in the mercy of his fellow-man! Oh, God! oh, God!"

"Be calm, be calm, my daughter, and hear me. I said I told you this morning, when your son was so confident, that the future is always uncertain. I repeat it now—for there is as much to be hoped as there ever was to be feared from the uncertainty of the future—while there is life there is hope. An effort will be made this evening by some of the most eminent men in the State, who are also very influential political friends of the Governor. They will present the petition, which has not yet *been* presented, you are to remember; *my* plea having been only a verbal one, intended to influence his mind favorably towards the prisoner before the formal petition should be presented."

"And he refused you!"

"My daughter, I had little influence. I was presuming. I over-estimated my powers of persuasion."

"Yet you carried a widow's prayer for her innocent child's life—for her only child's life, which he held in the hollow of his hand, and refused to give!"

"I take it that Daniel Hunter is a man very hard to be moved from a stand he has once taken," said the warden.

"He holds my dear child's life in the hollow of his hand, and refuses to grant it! He refuses to pardon! The accursed tyrant! When *he* comes upon his death-bed and cries for pardon, may God hurl his soul to perdition for an answer!"

The priest and the warden started. It was absolutely terrific to see the black storm of grief and rage that whirled in her countenance.

Nothing was said for a few minutes by either. And, indeed, nothing was afterwards said by the warden, who was a mild and timid man for a jailor, and who was now frightened into silence by the blast with which his only words had been received. At last the old priest spoke mildly,

"My daughter, Daniel Hunter is no tyrant—you mistake. In this country, under this government, he *could not* be, if he would; and under any government he *would not* be if he could. No! Daniel Hunter is a humane and upright man; but one who does not permit his own passions and emotions, or those of others to govern him. What I sent for you for, was not [illegible]

[illegible] —do not go near his cell till after it is decided! Let him hope! Oh! let him hope on a little longer! perhaps he need never despair. He does not expect you till late in the evening, Father, and so he will have no complaint from your absence. Do not go near him till I come back, Father!"

"I will do as you wish," said the priest.

"Sir," she said, turning to the warden, "if I should get the reprieve late, after hours, could you not still, for once admit me?"

"I will procure an order from the Marshal to do so," answered the warden, bending his pitiful eyes upon her. And then he called a turnkey to attend her to the condemned cell.

When they reached the door,

"Wait until I come out again," she said, "I shall not be long."

The official unlocked the door, and the sweet, joyous laughter of a child broke on their ears.

Norah entered the cell, and there upon the side of the cot, sat William O'Leary, dancing his child in his arms, and laughing heartily at its gleeful laughter.

Nelly sat by his side enjoying the sport; evidently inoculated with his own confident hope. What a sight! As soon as he saw the door opened he tossed the laughing child once or twice, and then threw it into its mother's arms, exclaiming, joyfully,

"Here, Nelly! take the babe. THE REPRIEVE IS COME!"

But when he saw that only his mother entered, he suddenly sobered down, saying, quietly,

"Father Goodrich not come with the pardon yet! Well! It is just as I thought and said. He'll not be here till late; for I really do suppose his Excellency has not left the dinner-table yet; and there may be a dozen more complimentary and patriotic speeches to be made, and a dozen other toasts to be drunk, before the Governor rises. Don't you think so, mother?"

"Yes, my dear Willie. These State dinners, we know, are heavy, tedious things!"

"*Very* heavy and tedious to us, mother! whatever they may be to those at present enjoying them! I wonder how long they will keep it up!"

"I trust not much longer, Willie, but we can't tell within an hour or so how long gentlemen may sit over their wine."

"Especially at a Governor's first State dinner, eh, mother?"

"I suppose so!" said Norah O'Leary. She was frightened at the swift passage of time—frightened lest she should not be at the mansion-house soon enough to see the Governor and his lady before their departure to the Inauguration Ball. Every minute was invaluable, yet she hesitated to leave him. It seemed like tearing soul from body to tear herself from him now.

"Nelly!" she said, as composedly as possible, "it is time for us to be going, my dear."

"Going? You are not going? You will stay with me till the reprieve comes?"

"My dear Willie! It may not come till late, very late. And you know it is not safe for women to pass through the city streets at night, full as they are now with drunken and vicious men?"

"True! very true, indeed! And it was selfish and inconsiderate in me not to think of it! You must go."

Nelly was busy wrapping up her child, that struggled and crowed in her arms, and thrust its little hands out eagerly to the father, longing for another romp.

"Give her to me! I'll toss her again!" said William, laughing, as he took the babe and threw it up and down, until it fairly screamed with joy. Then he gave the babe to her mother, and bade them good-night; saying, with a sort of doleful good humor, "I shouldn't wonder if I had to stay in this place all night, after all! But any how, if the reprieve comes to-night at *any* hour, however late, you may expect me at your lodgings!" He folded Nelly to his bosom, but when he would also have embraced his mother, Norah, with a low, "God bless you," turned away. She dared not trust herself to that tenderness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Our Picture Gallery.

WHIRLWIND AT GRENADA.

### "CUT BEHIND."

A correspondent of the "Yankee Blade," recently saw what others have seen, a stage or [illegible]

## Selected Sketch.

REMINISCENCES OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.

[illegible]

THE BABIE.

[illegible]

## Clippings.

[illegible]

BENJAMIN PIERCE,
Born April 13, 1841;
Died January 6, 1853.

[illegible]

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 Copies, | - - - | $5 00 Per Annum. |
| 8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club) | $10 00 | " |
| 13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $15 00 | " |
| 20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $20 00 | " |

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

[illegible]

THE PRESS.

[illegible]

## THE PACIFIC ROAD.

[illegible]

## New Publications.

[illegible]

## Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible]

## Our Correspondents

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TAKING THE BANKRUPT LAW:

OR, "Coming it" Over a Lawyer.

[illegible]

While the Bankrupt Laws were in force in this country, there lived in a certain town in Kentucky, an old trader, whom we shall (for the want of a better name) call "Old Koon," who was "up to a thing or two," but who, by a series of unfortunate speculations, had involved himself in a considerable amount.

Well, "Old Koon" concluded that a bankrupt's certificate was a cheap and expeditious mode of paying debts, so he posted off one morning to a lawyer's office, and opened negotiations with the occupant thereof, to [illegible] a "Commission" for him. The Squire was disposed to be liberal, and agreed to carry the whole matter through for fifty dollars. The client was perfectly willing to pay it, and closed the contract immediately, by giving his note for the required sum.

In due time, the Federal Court was in session, the lawyer filed the necessary papers, the commission was granted, the assignees appointed, and "Old Koon" was brought up to give in the *Schedule* of his property and debts. Imagine, if you can, the amazement of the attorney, when, conspicuous in the list of debts, he found the note due him for his services in *procuring the Commission*. Such, however, was the case, and the counsellor's dividend amounted to about *three dollars and a half*. It is scarcely necessary to add that "*that lawyer*" never conducted *another* bankrupt case without taking his fee in *advance*. GREENHAND.

## Miscellaneous.

THE FAVORITE POISON OF AMERICA.

[Though the following article from the Horticulturalist, is not new—being, we believe, from the pen of the late A. J. Downing, still its importance warrants the calling of the attention of the people to the subject of which it treats, until the general nuisance complained of is abated.]

There is a curious but indisputable fact (somebody *must* say it) touching our present condition and appearance, as a nation of men, women and children, in which we Americans compare most unfavorably with the people of Europe, and especially with those of Northern Europe—England and France for example. It is neither in religion or morality, law or liberty. In those great essentials every American feels that his country is the birth-place of a larger number of robust and healthy souls than any other. But in the bodily condition, the *signs of physical health*, and all that constitutes the [illegible]

## POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

## General News.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

YELLOW FEVER IN N. ORLEANS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1853.

# General News.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Baltic, we have Liverpool dates to the 27th of July.

The Turkish difficulty is considered as settled, although the Czar's acceptance of the proposal has not been announced. His formal acceptance was daily expected.

It was rumored at Constantinople, that the United States were negotiating for the purchase of the port of Marmorizza.

The Russian force continued quiescent in the Danubian Principalities.

The Koszta affair remained unchanged. The U. S. ship St. Louis was still at Smyrna, where two Austrian frigates had arrived.

The crops throughout Great Britain are good, and in Ireland it is now satisfactorily ascertained, that there is no potato rot.

It is reported that England is negotiating with Denmark, to obtain the command of an entrance into the Baltic, in case a war arises with Russia.

The opening of the French ports for the importation of breadstuffs, is said to have been done more to quiet the anxiety in regard to a scarcity, than for any actual necessity.

Queen Christina, of Spain, is in Paris, intriguing to marry her daughter to Prince Napoleon.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says: The misunderstanding between the Austrian Government and that of the United States is likely to be a serious one. On the 5th, the Italian and Hungarian refugees in Constantinople gave Mr. Marsh a serenade, and the American diplomatist came out on his balcony and gave a cheer for the freedom of the United States, Italy, and Hungary. On the 13th, as soon as the two Austrian frigates, Bellona and Novarra, sailed into Smyrna harbor, the United States sloop weighed anchor and left. This circumstance is related by the Austrian paper with an appearance of satisfaction, but in my opinion this Government will at no distant period have cause to rue the day on which it gave America an opportunity of picking a quarrel.

The Empire of China has been completely divided, the insurgents at Nankin having declared themselves independent of the Tartar dynasty.

Great anxiety was felt at Canton from the fears of a rising there also.

The van guard of the Russian forces entered Bucharest (the capitol of Wallachia) on the 15th of July.

[illegible]

...application to himself of the terms of 'Supreme,' 'Holy,' and others, hitherto constantly assumed by the Emperors of China, but which he declines receiving, on the ground that they are due to God alone. Their moral code, the insurgents call 'the Heavenly Rules,' which, on examination, proved to be the Ten Commandments. The observance of these, is strictly enforced by the leaders of the movement, chiefly Kwang tung and Kwang se, men who are not merely formal professors of a religious system, but practical and spiritual Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. The hardships they have suffered, and the dangers they have incurred, are punishments and trials of their Heavenly Father; the successes they have achieved, are instances of His grace."

Though the rebels have been hitherto so successful, the Imperialists do not seem to despair, for they are purchasing a number of foreign vessels, several of which had been sent up the river before the Bombay left. Among those said to have been already bought are the Sir Herbert Compton, Antelope, Dewan, Agnes and Clown.

From the North China Herald, May 7.

In conversation, the rebels "here" the more worldly minded by constant recurrence to that special attention to the Almighty of which they believe themselves to be the objects. With proud humility, and with the glistening eyes of gratitude, they point back to the fact, that at the beginning of their enterprise, some four years ago, they numbered but one hundred or two hundred; and that, except for the direct help of the Heavenly Father they never could have done what they have done.

"They," said one, speaking of the Imperialists, "spread all kind of lies about us. They say we employ magical arts. The only kind of magic we have used is prayer to God. In Kwang-se, when we occupied Yung Guan, we were sorely pressed; there were then only some 1,000 or 2,000 of us. We were beset on all sides by much greater numbers; we had no powder left, and our provisions were all gone; but our Heavenly Father came down and showed us the way to break out. So we put our wives and children in the middle, and not only forced a passage, but completely beat our enemies."

After a short pause, he added,

"If it be the will of God that our Prince of Peace shall be the Sovereign of China, he will be the Sovereign of China; if not, then we will die here."

The man who used this language of courageous fidelity to the cause in every extreme, and of confidence in God, was a shrivelled up, elderly little person, who made an odd figure in his yellow and red hood; but he could think the thoughts and speak the speech of a hero. He, and others like him, have succeeded in infusing their own sentiments of courage and morality to no slight extent, considering the materials operated upon, into the minds of their adherents. One instance was a youth of 19, who acted as one of the guides to a party that rode into Nankin, and who again and again as he ran along on foot, begged and besought...

[illegible]

## NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

## POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

# The Markets.

## PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1853.

REMARKS—There have been but few changes in the market during the past week. Business generally has been very quiet, and on Saturday and Monday out of door operations were materially retarded, in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in limited request, but prices have undergone no material change. The late foreign advices have caused more firmness in Breadstuffs. The receipts and stocks of Flour continue small and prices have again improved. The demand for export, however, has been quite moderate. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are inactive. Wheat has been in demand, and holders have succeeded in realizing a further improvement. Corn has also slightly improved, owing to its scarcity. Coal and Iron are in good demand, and for the former prices have an upward tendency, in consequence of the advance in the rates of toll. In Lumber there is a fair trade doing. In Groceries and Provisions the transactions have been on a very limited scale, without change in prices. In Seeds there is but little doing. The Tobacco market continues firm.—Wool is very quiet. Freights are unchanged.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour continue small, and the late foreign advices have induced holders to put up their prices to-day 25c per barrel. There has been a moderate export demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 9a10,000 bbls at $5,12½ per barrel for sound old stock Western and Pennsylvania, and $5,25 for fresh ground, including extra at $5,37½a5,75, and some "Premium" at $6,25. To-day 1,000 bbls fresh ground sold at $5,50, some old stock at $5,31, and 1,300 bbls old extra at $5,30. There has been a fair inquiry for the supply of the retailers and bakers at $5,25 to 5,75 for common and extra brands. Rye Flour is inactive; small sales at $3,62½. Corn Meal has been but little inquired after. Pennsylvania is held at $3 per barrel. A lot of condemned sold at $2,75.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat, both from the South and the interior, since our last notice, have been small. There has been a good demand, partly owing to the favorable advices from Europe, and prices are now 4a5 cts per bushel higher than at the close of last week. Sales of 21a22,000 bushels at $1,10a1,16 for fair and prime new red, closing to-day at $1,18; 1,20a1,25 for new white, and $1,27a1,30 for old Pennsylvania white. Rye is steady; 300 bushels old sold at 85c, and now at 78a80c. Corn is in demand, and prices have slightly improved. Sales of 8a10,000 bushels of yellow at 71a73c, afloat, closing at 73c. Oats are dull and lower. About 10,000 bushels of prime old Pennsylvania sold at 44a47½c per bushel, and new Southern at 32a39 cents, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—Pork is held firmly, but the demand has been limited; small sales of Mess at $16,50 per bbl. Prime is held at $13,50. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots from store at $16a16,50. Bacon is very quiet, but prices are firm; sales of Hams at 10...

[illegible]

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 36 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

[illegible]

## CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 8.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $8,50 to 10,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 1,000 from $7 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $8 to 15 for dry, and $16 to 40 for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 5,00; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

INVALUABLE DISCOVERY.

The inventor of M'Lane's Vermifuge having disposed of his right to this great remedy, the proprietors, Messrs. Kidd & Co., beg leave to offer it to the American public as the best remedy for Worms ever offered. It has been tried in all parts of the country, and in cases which had defied the exertions of the best physicians, and never without the most complete success. We caution parents against delay. If your children exhibit symptoms of being troubled with worms, lose not a moment, but at once purchase a bottle of M'Lane's Vermifuge, and thus save them pain, and perhaps their lives.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

## ALMANAC.

[illegible]

# Marriages.

[illegible]

# Deaths.

[illegible]

# Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION.

[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!
THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS.

[illegible]

## Selected Poetry.

### TO A LITTLE BOY.

—BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Come hither, my boy—my footsteps are, my darling boy, lost to thee,
The dearest pride of the station, and the father's fondest joy!
Come only upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And banish all the remains that I have to love from thee.

Then, while upon my snowy bosom, and thy pure heart I lay,
And watch all the varying colours that flit across thy face away,
While thy thousand tricks on gossamer, which I have without a name,
Come to my ears, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My chiefest care, my fairest one, they say that I love you more
Than I love the whole household else, or those I loved before;
Why should I not? Around my heart you twine with fonder pride and power;
You're younger, and more helpless, and you're your father's flower.

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be
When I to think shall be severe, or then unkind to thee?
Oh my things which time may bring, this glorious world around,
To watch with rage the little head now nestling in my bosom found,
Can this strength of spare, to which love brings its every store,
Give you to Anger's blasting glance, pale Hate's malignant frown?
No—no—there can be no'er service, for whatever's in my hand
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all.
And to an offering like this then can't not e'er be rejected by,
For still will be my fateful and my puzzle little boy!

My treasure one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy
With thy honest ear so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With the witchery of love in thy every motion and thought and thought's glow,
So entirely of a father's love, which words shut it from thee!
Can I express another tone than this shall of be ever.
And thy cheek shall wear that ruddy badge of love thine to more,
When all else have delight in thee, for elsewhere shall love gone,
And then shall pilgrimage through life, unfriended and alone.
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee behind!
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but in the present be
Make thee a child of wisdom—and in Heaven to-morrow.
For rather in me image then, in sunny future days,
Gathering every deed of mine, and weaving brighter ways,
With love to deal thy fortunes of recollected pain,
And more to measure thy course of glory and of pain.
A home of happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings proclaimed by thy words in peace and love to share.
Shall not without the beaming eye my early love see,
And every it of fairing life a blow by kindness free.
Then rest thy pure eyes thy on, then dining on the floor,
A father's guiding tenderness, such as I feel for thee.
And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better lot
Than this to study into thy soul thy darling little!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## Selected Sketch.

### A DISCOURSE ON FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Happy is the man that loves flowers! Happy even if it be adulterated with vanity and strife! For human passion exists in flowers, too. Some people think most chiefly in flowers of their own house, or in the exhibition of floral shows; others love them as curiosities, and search for new ones for sale, for a epoch," and monstrosities. We have not let things go entirely unaffected. By most whose chief pleasure seems to be in the effect which their flowers produced on others, not on themselves. But there is a choice in vanities and ostentations. A contest of rouge is better than of horses. We would rather take a pre- ference for the best baby, children, and flowers than for the best dog. Of all fools, a floral fool deserves the contempt.

But those noble, blessed in the tum that real- ly loves flowers!—loves them for their own sakes, for their beauty, for their sweetness, for the joy they have given and always will give, to the end. If there are any more sincere ones on earth to minister or praise, he would just as soon not know them. Are they not God's ministers of grace, and sweetness of God? But men are not all of God! Did He not make the world for each one? Are they not silently the owners of the world, and the richest of all men?

The end of art is to innoculate man with the love of nature. But those who have it in the natural way need no other interpreter or guide- ing in their designer, and the whole year through.

No one only does not appreciate floral beauty to be to prize The my other man who is less important. But men who are continually raised flowers as enthusiasts and unworthy of manhood, and of their associates. These flowers fit to not or debate, were they stimulated by no other motive or could they be gambled with the stocks and public amusements, would be worthless. And not just where their minds would drop them—who have not the true appreciation of God's ways and beauty, as addressed to the taste, and to sense, finding flow and deeper that taste, that power within us which corresponds externally to the sense with God through His work.

Many people have much of the enjoyment by indulging false associations. The term *weed*, and's the glory of some flowers. But all flowers are weeds; and somewhere some flowers which are somebody's contentment. Flowers growing in a hideous garden, in the midst of unsightly rubbish, or rank decoration, become disagreeable. Rose-cake flowers, inevitables, and beautified beyond all measure, are not those which grow from our sense of delicacy and pretension. And, generally, there is disposition to underrate common flowers. If a plant be uncouth it has no attractions to us simply because it has been brought from the end of the earth, and is "a great curiosity;" and if it has beauty, it is none the less but a great deal more attractive to us, because it is common. It adds generosity to beauty. It gives joy to the poor, the rude, and to the multitude who cannot have even eyes to see, save to charge a price for her bloomers. In a floral love yourself, and you, and your neighbor, prospect, become often seen, or seen by millions.

*Ask any one*, while we lose no fondness for eminent and accomplished flowers, we are too- zealous of a growing passion for the more common weeds. These is, for instance, the mullein, of but little beauty in such flowers, but a lover pleasure gay chemistry and fanciful of old- dressed cells, rattling its rod with brown pestered, generous, upright beauty, and crowding their spikes thick among indolence as to stop for a kindly look. That fine plant is tall, like a dampened old gentleman with his a good natured jolly. But in other ornamental it is a *dower*, and called the "Jerusalem velvet plant."

We confess to a homely enthusiasm for clover —not the white clover, beloved of honey-bees, but the red clover. It holds up its round, hemispherical head, with such rustic innocence! Do you ever see it without thinking of a round, sensible country face, sun-browned and fearless as innocence always should be? We go past a field of red clover, like Solomon in a garment of spices. Where is the *handsome*, too, with its prickly re- quisite that has little beauty or value, except the same kind, brown, good natured sense! Dedicated to children, who measure their friends and what not, of its hats. But the thistle is a prince. Let any one that has an aspiring thought take a view of the whole plant, and the object is most expressive grace and symmetry; and where is there a more lovely flower? To the bees, those are *sharp* objections to it in a bouquet; yet most gardeners feel inclined a thistle or kept treated a snake—and be- cause it is not honey, and it is the prickly- that it is just not worth the thought to cultivate sweet insects. What shall we say of corporeal- ists, who, having found the thistle in the world, have, in fancy, planted it in the midst of the world, and, in fancy, pulled up the whole garden in order to get rid of it? Is not this a spirit of mind, and, in fancy, a spirit of mind?

Let us not neglect the blossoms of fruit trees. What a great heart an apple tree must have! What a generous work it makes! And how cheering! Not a single blossom for each apple that is to be; but a profusion, a magnificent ex- uberance, as the tree is but a large bouquet; it gives you twenty times as much as there is need for, and twenty times as much as it loves to have. It will prefer this virtuous tree. Not bountiful in- deed is the pear tree, and sad, and rude; but the citron is lonely when afforestment. Not is it a beauty only at a distance. Pluck down a twig and examine it, and you will find it to be full of the nicest looking. The simplicity and purity of the apple blossom, its delicate tint, and its half- buds slightly blushed, the little pink tipped buds compared, crowding up the rosy children around a mother's bosom—all these are lovely. It is a shame more beautiful than any you can find in a hot house. Its fragrance is not to be be- stowed on the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Its influences are not confined to those who were out by much looking at as a rood is by much travel.

Then the cakes, and feels his childhood coming back to him, when emerging from the hot garden and beautiful city streets, he once orchard and garden in deserted bloom, plank, cherry, pear, peach and apple, waves and billows of flowers, intermingled, and were lingering on the levels. My heart runs riot. This is a king- dom of glory. The best know it. The very best, that never more to be looking for anything, are rather sober and sedate here. Such a sight is equal to a whole week of heaven. It is a week- ing of the clouds.

We love in fancy that a flower in the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial; it is the sentient vegetable soul. Such a transition appears in the pink, and in the wild honeysuckle. Such a transition appears in the wild honeysuckle. A stem or root has no suggestion of life. A leaf advances toward it. But some flowers are so far removed, and have a grace of motion seldom had by flowers. But flowers in motion, and flowers in the act of expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again pale, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower, and the hollyhock. We speak of them as laughing, as gay and un- concerned, and modest and decent. They are born of sensibility ever spoke of a flower as be- wroid of a tongue, a pebble or a sponge. They have souls. Shall we not, then, have flowers in our souls?

Flowers with flowers, we go to them if we are glad and sad; but a book, a sermon, an Essay, equal as if real life was not half so real as beau- tiful life. What a pity they can ever be sorrowful! A daughter of Eve, with a flower in her hair, a sorrowing lover—smile! Oh, what a new and suggestive idea would flowers be!

When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the notes of a brook falling down steep hills in the leaf covered woods, or distant song birds, the full power of the human voice—we are apt to think that we are listening to spirit. children's voices as you ride into a village at dusk, for they your home- ward. Long after the sun is down, there are a few hours from out of the wood, a wiser sound going up and down in the leaves, into the trees, and conveyed your kindest feelings to others; it is something like that of a mother's voice as she speaks to you of your own childhood—that white rose bush that moved in the corner by the door, and the smell in a cottage of music, that drew your childish eye, and which always comes up before you when you speak of child- hood. You remember how you gathered and loved them. As you walked to church, she plucked off a red and red gave you, which you carried, because you were proud to do as she did; and you remember how, in the listening time of sermon, you were neglected to look at the flower, and then, eyeing the ill-expressed glow of your hands, pulled each leaf of your flower, as made a rose flower after some to you as if it were a mother's voice. Then, in the hot days or the prairie-rose, or the sweet-brier, that at evening fills the air with odor, (a floral nightin- gale,) and the pink, whose fragrance you so love, and intimate friends. You almost wish in your heart that you could send some flowers to health, and ask if they would send my message to their town friends.

Let no one, then, fear not be so strange or so new, that a friendliness does not spring up at once between you and a flower. Nature is very generous and all hers to make their acquaint- ance so some shaded bank, with your feet over in a stream; you sort them; you question them, and with familiarity, you grow to love them in the grass in a row, and look from one to another; you gather them up, and study a little botany, and you find that you have a new gentleness in all the degrees between two vir- tues, sentiments. All the while, and it is long while, if the day be gracious, and nature is sim- ple, you are having various suggestions and ideas, which are a new tone for the mind. This flower is just like a friend; that one is a child; that one I think of another; and so nonsense always makes you think of such a garden and nosegay where it enacted a memo- ries of the past and also flower and nosegay strange and unexpected resemblance to certain persons of a growing taste. You have gone into into strange through a thousand varieties of fan- cy, or memory, or entertaining hope.

Yet, those are not the best flowers. You did not plant them. You have not screened them. You have not watched them, guarded their growth, given them water, nourishment, and carefully that have the land to spare, along with weeds, rubbishing bugs; and soon them in the same planet your other year, and they have come to you. Why, then, should there is no artificial life, an associated beauty, a sympathy and genius for the affections that no wild flowers can have.

It is a matter of other gratitude that this dated, and Providence has so ordered it to be given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich. It does not require much an education to love and ap- preciate them, as it would to admire a picture by Turner, or a piece of Shakespeare's. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance, and generate of beauty, of va- riety, and acceptance, it is pleasant to them that, to them, all men recognize a brief brother- hood. It is not ingentionate to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest.

A hundred persons turned together into a meadow of flowers, would be drawn together in a transient brotherhood. It is often affording to see how serviceable are flowers in the moment- tion of the poor. If they bring their little floral gift to you, it cannot but touch you to think that their gentle affection longed to express itself in such a form. You look, or should look, with respect and pay an render to you with. The poor can give but little, and do but little for you. Flowers are the gifts of God! And then, when death comes a poor man's house! It may be that there is not the only room that is not the embellished father—really loved him; loved him utterly; and he was to an only one, and his mother a widow, who, in all sickness, felt the limitation of poverty, and did what she could to ex- press her sympathy, had them been wealth. The cabin is plain. The undertaker sold it with a sort of indifference. Forward it flower cannot be less the selling of a rosewood coffin, trimmed with splendid silver screws. The rose is not the attendant officers are few. The dead is cause. Oh, the darling child was it for- gotten—some one thought got of roses, then! Some darling must be buried without a flower, for flowers cost money in the winter!

And then, if you cannot give a stone to mark his burial place, a rose may stand there; and when you may, even a rose may stand by your house, or the child was broken of from you. And it it brings fear for the poor, you will see the flower to-day, and come again, and fade and come again, year by year; and not only to the child, but to remembrance of you.

The flower sentiment continued a crisp and gentle void of wood, prized "her," as a people of the Mediterranean because. It was feelingly re- ferred to, in the following pathetic quotient—

> "This her! this her! I once did see!
> But ever true, it is in your eye
> If we no more each other see
> Oh, look to me and think of me."

MRS. FARRINGTON ON DISEASE.—Diseases is very curious," said Mrs. Farrington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with a neighbor. "The doctor says that the reason why Mrs. Hans has got two bunkins upon her lungs is because she is so fat; and I, because I am so lean is so various! One day we hear of peo- ple's dying of hermitage of the lung, another day of consumption of the liver, and then of inflammatory rheumatism